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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

REHEARSAL OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our last.)

Tuesday, May 20th, was the most memorable night of this memorable season. It was doubly memorable—memorable for the production of *Fidelio* on the Italian stage, and memorable for the first appearance of Sophie Cruvelli, after an absence from London of two years. The triumph achieved by Beethoven's dramatic masterpiece, and the brilliant success of the young singer, as Leonora, the most arduous and difficult part in the lyric repertoire, have been recorded so often, and at such length in these pages, that a simple reference to them is enough. In bringing out *Fidelio*, Mr. Lumley not merely elevated the taste of his subscribers and the public, but added another *Don Giovanni*, another solid and continuous attraction, to his catalogue of operas, which the frequency of its performance, and the money it brought to the treasury, effectively proved. On the other hand Sophie Cruvelli, by her conception and execution, musical and histrionic, of the character of Leonora, although only twenty-two years of age, placed herself at one step in the foremost rank of living dramatic singers. We have seen all the *Fidelios*, from Schröder Devrient and Malibran down to those of the present day, including the justly celebrated Mdlle. Wagner (who is now playing it at Berlin), and we assert, without the slightest hesitation, that not one of them has approached so near to the lofty ideal of Beethoven as Sophie Cruvelli. With such a conviction we are justified in reserving criticism for hereafter, in prophesying for this already great, though very youthful artist, a more splendid and glorious career, than has been achieved by any other whomsoever, since Malibran, by the power of genius, established her superiority over all her rivals. Sophie Cruvelli is no less incontestably a genius than Malibran; and no less richly endowed with the natural qualifications of voice, strength, endurance, and personal attributes, to make her ultimately the equal of that most gifted and lamented lady, who, cut off in the prime of her womanhood, threw a shadow over the prospects of the operatic drama, which can only be dispersed by a star of equal brightness. Four months have elapsed since Sophie Cruvelli appeared in *Fidelio*. We have watched her career with unceasing interest. We have seen her successively, and more than once, as Norma, Florinda, Cherubino, Elvira (*Ernani*), Linda, and Rosina; and every occasion has served to strengthen our conviction that Sophie Cruvelli is now the most promising, and will eventually be the first dramatic singer of her day. We

have more than once expressed this opinion in the course of the present season; and now, at the end of it, we reiterate it with increased assurance of its justice.

The general performance of *Fidelio* at Her Majesty's Theatre, although there was a great deal to praise, left much to be desired. Mr. Sims Reeves was admirable in every respect as Florestan, his performance being distinguished by the highest intelligence, and the finest musical appreciation. Mme. Giuliani, in Marcellina, was, as she always is, correct, artistic, and pains-taking; and Mercuriali rose a step in the good graces of the connoisseurs by his impersonation of Jacquin. Coletti was out of his element in Pizarro; and the Rocco of Balanchi, although a careful artist, was by no means what it might have been. Casanova, too, who undertook the part of the Minister, forgot to learn the music, and Balfe for the first representations was compelled to sing it for him. The necessities of the Italian stage compelled the introduction of recitatives into *Fidelio*. We quite agree with our collaborator, Mr. Macfarren, in his condemnation of this liberty being taken with Beethoven's score; but, we, nevertheless, are bound to acknowledge the talent and discretion with which Mr. Balfe performed a task that could not have been welcome to him as a musician. The orchestra worked zealously in the two overtures and accompaniments; but the chorus, coarse and imperfect in both the *finales*, entirely spoiled the impressive scene where the prisoners, at Leonora's intercession, are allowed to breathe the air of heaven. On the first two or three nights some of the principals assisted in the prisoners' chorus; but as they evidently (F. Lablache excepted) knew nothing about the music, Mr. Ganz, the chorus-master, subsequently dispensed with their assistance, and the general execution of the choral parts, if much was not gained, left nothing to be deplored. In spite of these, and many other drawbacks, the success of *Fidelio* and of Sophie Cruvelli was immense; the audience, the most crowded of the season, was enthusiastic, and the papers, the next morning, teemed with apostrophes to the beauties of Beethoven's music, and the gifts and talent of its young interpreter—in whom, to use the words of the *Daily News*, were concentrated "every quality of a great artist—voice, taste, style, expression combined—to charm and move her hearers"—a truer sentence than which was never uttered, not even by the *Post*, when it pronounced Cruvelli's singing of the adagio, in the grand air, "a joy for ever to all who were fortunate enough to hear it," and the *allegro* of the same "a magnificent performance from first to last," adding that the audience by this time felt that

"one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage was before them;" nor by the *Herald*, when it declared that her "success in one of the most arduous parts which either actress or singer dare grapple with was affirmed by the universal verdict of the house;" nor by the *Chronicle*, when it felicitated the management on having achieved, with Mdle. Cruvelli, the new debutante, "at once the most legitimate and extraordinary success;" nor by the *Times*, when, at the end of a long and elaborate notice, it declared that "the Italian stage had thus gained another great dramatic singer, in the person of a foreigner, and if we be not mistaken, a genius;" nor by the *Athenæum*, when it eulogised Cruvelli's, "magnificent natural endowments;" nor by the *Illustrated News* and the *Britannia*, when they extolled her "magnificent voice," &c., a truer sentence, we repeat, was never uttered, nor one more correctly to the purpose, nor one, by the way, more impossible to reverse—since the course of time has already stamped it, and continues to stamp it, and will continue to stamp it more and more indelibly—for Sophie Cruvelli is a genius; and the march of genius is ever onward, onward, heedless of toil, despising obstacles, sure of its object, the goal being ever in sight.

The following Thursday, which was as long as it was extra, was remarkable for fragments. There were fragments of everything, except the *Barbiere*, the whole of which was given to a delighted auditory. The novel point in the cast, and not the most delightful, was Signor Ferranti, the new barytone, who showed himself wanting in most of the requisites which constitute an unctuous and vivacious Figaro. His Figaro was neither unctuous nor vivacious. Of Casanova in Basilio, we would say—"why not Coletti?" Madame Sontag's Rosina we should have liked better had the accomplished artist been less lavish of ornaments and changes, or more studious to render them appropriate to the text of Rossini, which, to our superficial judgment, is sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently florid to command the respect of the most brilliant and florid of vocalists, who do not always, like Goldsmith, "adorn what they touch." We were induced to this reflection by the remembrance of Alboni, who managed to make "Una voce poco fa," and "Dunque io son," as effective as the composer could have wished without altering a note of either. Calzolari's Almaviva, as far as vocalisation goes, is one of the most correct and finished that the stage can boast; and Lablache's Bartolo, to quote our own words, "is prodigious." But why does the burly *basso* omit the great air—we forget in which key, but we remember in the first act? By the way, Madame Grimaldi played the part of Marcellina, and sang the *aria*.

At this juncture the Corypheic department of the ballet was materially strengthened by the engagement—at the suggestion of the irresistible Carlotta—of Mademoiselle James, an Englishwoman, although a Mademoiselle, who danced the *Anglaise* in the *divertissement*—of which, in our last number, we forgot the name, but which we are now in a condition to denominate *Les Cosmopolites*—with grace, agility, and character.

Meanwhile *Fidelio*, several times repeated, drew crowded houses, and the success of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli went on augmenting, and received an additional impulse from the comparative failure of the *Leonora* at the rival house.

At this epoch the *Soirees Extraordinaires* began on a Wednesday (May 23th), and complaints were made in several musical quarters of the introduction of a strange instrument into the score of *Fidelio*. The excuse, however, was valid—since, neither the instrument itself nor an executant thereon, for which Beethoven wrote a particular part in a special scene, being extant in this country, Mr. Lumley found it impossible to find one; and the *chef d'orchestre* was compelled, à rebrousse poils, to substitute another in its place. The instrument intended by Beethoven was the *contra-fagotto*, or counter-bassoon, the same for which he wrote a part in the C minor symphony.

On Saturday, May the 31st, Cruvelli appeared in her second part—Norma. Her brilliant triumph in *Fidelio* had raised anticipation to the highest pitch. Anticipation, however, was not disappointed. It preserved its position and did not tumble. Cruvelli's Norma was found equal to her *Fidelio*, to say more than which would be to say too much. Her success was decided, and the Druid priestess remained throughout the season one of her acknowledged great parts. It is sufficient to mention that Pardini was Pollio, Giuliani Adalgisa, and that Lablache, on the first night, was Oroveso, and subsequently, at various intervals, as suited his health, convenience, and humour. Meanwhile the *Soirees Extraordinaires*, which began, modestly, once a week, threatened to become more busy and numerous; and *Don Pasquale* was revived on a Thursday, for Madame Sontag, whose Norma is one of her most charming impersonations; while Lablache, as the fat and amorous bachelor, was fat and amorous and Lablache. Ferranti appeared to more advantage in Doctor Malatesta than in any previous performance; and Calzolari was as excellent as ever in the lover, Enrico.

Wednesday, June 11th, although memorable for a superb performance of Norma by Sophie Cruvelli, which threw D. R. into ecstasies, and brought to his recollection Malibran, who was snatched away from us "with the sunshine in her eyes," was darkened by an event, which cast the subscribers into spiritual mourning, and snuffed out the ballet—the farewell representation of Carlotta Grisi, who, as if to make her loss the keener felt, danced her very best, which is as much as to say, better than any body else ever danced, or is ever likely to dance. Cruvelli's singing was the rising sun, to which Carlotta Grisi's dancing was the setting; the one as gorgeous as the other, only differing in quality, position, and intensity of colour. Light delighted itself in showing its glory in the two most opposite manners—morning and evening. Noon will come next year, when both return—Sophie and Carlotta—to charm the ears and eyes, and move the hearts of the *habitués* of Mr. Lumley's fairy palace in Pall Mall. Carlotta's departure, without having performed in a new

ballet, gave rise to a multitude of reflections which we propose to revive and discuss in the tail of this *resumé*.

On Thursday, June the 12th, the last masterpiece of the greatest of French composers, the *Enfant Prodigue* of Auber, was produced under the Italian title of *Il Prodigio*, with a completeness and splendour, which in some respects rivalled, and in other respects surpassed, the performances at the *Theatre de la Nation* at Paris. We need not, at this juncture, enter into any review of the merits of this great work, destined, we are sure, to be one of the most lasting of its author, sufficient having been adduced, on various occasions, to make known our favourable opinion to the readers of the *Musical World*. Without, therefore, touching on Scribe's *libretto*, or Auber's music, it is enough to recal some incidents which rendered the first representation memorable, independent of both poet and musician. The cast included Madame Sontag, as Jeftele; Madame Ugalde (her first appearance in London) as Nefte; Carolina Rosati—the crow-haired, sun-eyed, Greek-nosed, swan-necked, lily-armed, bird-bodied, leopard-legged, and mouse-footed—as Lia (her first appearance this season); Gardoni, the graceful, as Aziel; Coletti, the careful, as Boecoris; Mercuriali, the manly, as Amenophis; Massol in, his original part of Reuben; and Scotti, Scapini, and Casanova as the satellites to this army of planets, moving round the sun of Auber's genius. Madame Ugalde was found worthy of her great Gallic reputation, but less precisely fitted for the stage of the Grand Opera than for that of the *Opera Comique*, of which she is, at present, the most brilliant ornament. All that had been said of Massol was confirmed by his impressive performance of Reuben, which, although somewhat shackled by a less familiar tongue, he managed to invest with the highest dramatic sentiment and passion. The part of Jeftele was better suited to Madame Sontag than had been anticipated by those familiar with the talent of the accomplished songstress, and were aware how almost exclusively it leaned to the florid and ornamental style. There is nothing florid or ornamental in the music which Auber has allotted to Jeftele; nevertheless, Mme. Sontag sang the airs with such exquisite purity and feeling as to disclose a new "side," as our cotemporary, the *Times* quaintly expresses it, in her talent, which henceforth we shall be happy to recognise as approaching the universal. Of the other characters those who would learn further particulars are referred to No. 24 of the *Musical World*, for the current year, wherein they will find everything discussed at full length; not forgetting Marshall, who dipped his brush in the sunbeams, and his head in the folios that treat of Egyptian antiquities, and the modern treatises of Nineveh marbles, with their actual entities, at the British Museum. To Carolina Rosati, the winged, and prism-smiled, the enchanting troupe of *Coryphées*, the "step of daggers," the ballet in general, and the dance music in particular, the memory fondly clings, as to a pleasant dream, faintly receding at the approach of morn, when the sun foretells his coming by prophetic rays, which, with busy banging, assail the eyelids, chasing night and sleep, that, like two

scared crows "fly away afraid," (*Brendallak*). Whether it was to Auber's particular method of scoring for the orchestra, or that Balfe, inwardly impelled by a new and unknown impulse, was urged to extra eagerness, we know not; but it was generally felt and acknowledged that the band had not been heard to such advantage previously during the season. It was as a powerful cohort, anxious, united, and strong. As for Mr. Harris he was more than usually active and zealous, and the value of his talent was triumphantly demonstrated in the great scene of the temple and yet other gorgeous and splendid panoramas. Although the performance did not conclude till half-past one, the opera was completely successful, and remained one of the greatest favourites of the season.

On Saturday the 21st, Marie Taglioni made her *reentrée* in a fragment of the old and popular ballet, *La Sylphide*, originally made famous by her celebrated aunt, and was received with special favour. On the Thursday following a miscellaneous night, after the ninth performance of *Fidelio*, the scene from Gnecco's opera, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, was produced for Madame Ugalde and Lablache. Of this it is enough to say that Lablache was as humorous as ever, and that Madame Ugalde made a decided advance in public esteem.

The second grand concert took place on the Monday following. Signor Sivori repeated one of the unpublished compositions of Paganini (the "Witches' Dance"), and introduced another, *Il Movimento perpetuo*, playing as finely as on the previous occasion, and leaving the critics as indifferent as before to the beauties of the manuscripts in question. The rest of the concert was of the usual miscellaneous character, all the principal artists appearing, with the exception of the Mademoiselles Cruvelli, who were preparing for the forthcoming *Florinda*.

On Thursday, July the 3rd, one of the most important pledges of the prospectus was fulfilled, by the production of a new Grand Opera in three acts, from the pen of the celebrated pianist, Sigismund Thalberg. The performance of *Florinda*, and the general impression it created, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. It went to establish the fact, that it is one thing to write pianoforte fantasias, addressed to supple fingers and light tastes, and another thing to compose an *Opera Seria*, in which the essential elements of melody, dramatic truth, effective combinations, and masterly orchestral scoring, shall be involved. If this truth were ever doubted, it was here established by Mr. Thalberg, a gentleman deserving and possessed of the highest amount of respect in that particular department of art which he has adorned in a style of his own invention, for so many years, and in which he has had so many imitators, more or less successful or unsuccessful. Mr. Thalberg had every advantage to render success probable, but the result proved that success had been improbable. Sofie Cruvelli, in whom was concentrated the additional interest derived from *Florinda* being her first original part in London, did everything in the power of a human *prima donna* to make music effective which was not written for effect. Lablache,

whose labour would be dishonoured by a comparison with any of the twelve of Hercules, exerted himself with such superhuman zeal and good will, that the least Mr. Thalberg could do in return, had he a voice with the disposers of demigodships and astral honours, would be to secure him an apotheosis, and a corner in the constellation of the Great Bear. Sims Reeves, in a very uninteresting part, also did wonders. The other performers were Calzolari, Coletti, and Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, who, in the character of a Page, had little more to do than hold her tongue and look pretty, which she accomplished to perfection. Balfé took more pains with the opera than he probably would have done had it been his own composition. The orchestra and chorus were completely up to the mark, and the utmost expense and exertions were lavished on the ballet, costumes, and general *mise en scene*. Nevertheless, although the performance was received with the greatest indulgence, every point where applause could possibly be forced in being eagerly seized on, and encores demanded which unfavourably augmented the length of the opera, while to conclude, Her Majesty the Queen, who was present, commanded it for the following Saturday, on the occasion of the state visit. *Florinda* cannot be cited as a successful opera.

Wanting in those *ad captandum* qualities which appeal to the masses, it does not make up for their absence by any of those profound and more solid characteristics to which really great works owe their lasting reputation. It has been performed several times during the season; but we much doubt whether a future season will witness its revival. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was not lucky in having such a character as *Florinda* for her first original creation; and we entirely agree with a cotemporary, who in the course of an elaborate article declares that this young lady had "in all probability a more difficult and oppressive task to perform than was ever before imposed on a dramatic singer," and that "Mr. Thalberg was more fortunate in having such an artist as Mademoiselle Cruvelli to represent his heroine than Mademoiselle Cruvelli in having such a part as *Florinda* to create." "In short," to use the closing words of the *Times* notice—"Mademoiselle Cruvelli may be said to have been the good genius of Mr. Thalberg's opera, since without her it might have fared more ill even than its deserts."

We need say no more about Her Majesty's state visit, when *Florinda* was performed for the second time, than that it took place on Saturday, July 5th, under circumstances of the usual pomp and ceremony—that Her Majesty blazed in diamonds, and Prince Albert was dressed in Field Marshal's uniform, that in the national anthem, at the end of the opera, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mademoiselle Cruvelli sang the principal verses, and that the last was encored, which detained Her Majesty longer on her feet than was either loyal or polite on the part of her liege and loving subjects.

At this period "the celebrated Twenty Eight Spanish Dancers," headed by Dona Petra Camara, who previously had

created so great a sensation at the *Gymnase* in Paris, were brought forward by Mr. Lumley, with the hope that they would make the same impression here. Their dances, however, although pleasing were found to be too much of one character, and not sufficiently striking and interesting to constitute the *frais* of an evening's performance. They were afterwards used for a few nights to vary the *divertissements* before and after the operas. The spirit, however, exhibited by Mr. Lumley, in such a variety of ways, throughout the season, cannot be sufficiently commended in adding these attractions to his already powerful and brilliant ballet *troupe*.

The next event of note was the appearance of the wonderful little violinist, Paul Jullien, on an extra Wednesday night, when his performance of a brilliant solo was heard with astonishment and applauded with fervour.

Signor Puzzi's usual annual benefit, on Thursday, July 10th, was remarkable for the revival of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with Sontag, Fiorentini, Sophie Cruvelli, Coletti, Ferranti, Mercuriali and Lablache in the principal parts. The only novelty in this, however, was the appearance of Sophie Cruvelli in the Page, whose singing of the "*Voi che sapete*" on this occasion, though greatly admired for its finish and expression, was broadly criticised for the liberties taken with the text of Mozart. The evening was further remarkable for the reproduction of the *divertissement* called *Les Graces*, in which Carolina Rosati, Amalia Ferraris and Marie Taglioni vied with each other in good looks and sparkling steps; and for the reappearance (for this night only) of Carlotta Grisi, in one of her most popular and fascinating *pas*.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

CRUVELLI.

Our enlightened *confrere*, E. Viel, *redacteur* of the *Menistrel*, in a letter from London, to that journal, on music in England, renders full justice to the talents and accomplishments of this popular singer.

"Sophie Cruvelli," says our cotemporary, "maintains the high reputation in London of which Paris had previously awarded her the patent, although Paris had neither time nor occasion to appreciate all the largeness, suppleness, and variety of her talents. As charming in the *cornette* of Linda, or in the short cloak of Cherubino, as she is dramatic under the disguise of Leonora, or in the tunic of Norma, Cruvelli is able to bear all the weight of the most extensive and complex *repertoire*; the graceful and the terrible, the soprano or contralto, all is within her reach, I may say, all equally easy to her. No words can describe the effect she produces in the overwhelming finale of the third act of *Fidelio*, when the vibrations of her incomparable organ, pierce through the clamour of an orchestra and chorus of the most formidable dimensions."

CLEMENTI.

MUZIO CLEMENTI, the celebrated pianist and composer, was born at Rome in 1752. His father, a goldsmith, was very fond of music, and delighted to find in young Muzio a remarkable taste for that art. He spared no pains to enable him to study successfully, and his first care was to place him under the direction of his relative, Buroni, who was chapel-master in one of the churches of Rome. At six years of age, Clementi commenced singing the gamut, and at seven, was placed with an organist named Cordicelli, who taught him to play upon the harpsichord, and instructed him in the principles of accompaniment. At nine years of age, Clementi presented himself to an association for a situation as organist, and obtained it, after having complied in a satisfactory manner with the conditions, which consisted in accompanying a figured bass, selected from the works of Corelli, and transposing it into different keys. He was then placed under the direction of Sartanelli, an excellent singing-master, and two years afterwards entered the school of Carpinì, one of the best contrapuntists at Rome. Clementi pursued his studies until he was fourteen years old. At this time an Englishman, named Beckford, travelling in Italy, heard him, and was so astonished at his talent for the harpsichord, that he urged the father of the young artist to permit him to take him to England, promising to watch over his fortunes. The proposal of Mr. Beckford having been accepted, Clementi was conducted to the residence of that gentleman, in Dorsetshire. There, with the aid of a good library, and the family intercourse, he soon acquired a knowledge of the English language, and pursued many other studies, without neglecting the harpsichord, which he cultivated assiduously. The works of Handel, Bach, Scarlatti and Paradisi became the objects of his meditations, and perfected his taste at the same time with his fingering. At eighteen years of age, Clementi not only surpassed all his contemporaries in the art of playing on the piano, but had composed his second work, which became a model of the sonata for that instrument. This was not published until three years after it was written. All artists spoke of it with admiration, and among others, Charles Emanuel Bach, a competent judge. The fame which this acquired for Clementi obliged him to leave his retreat in Dorsetshire, and reside in London. He there immediately received an engagement to preside at the piano at the opera, which contributed to perfecting his taste by the frequent opportunities of hearing the best Italian singers. His style was elevated, his execution acquired more finish, and his work soon spread his fame through the continent. About the year 1780, he resolved to visit Paris, agreeably to the advice of Pacchiarotti. He was there listened to with enthusiasm, and the queen, before whom he had the honour of playing, afforded him strong testimony of her satisfaction. Struck with the contrast between the impetuous admiration of the French and the cold approbation of the English, Clementi frequently said, that from that time he did not think himself to be the same man. During his stay at Paris, he composed his 5th and 6th "operas," and published a new edition of his 1st, to which he added a fugue.

At the beginning of the year 1781, he departed for Vienna by the way of Strasburg, where he was presented to the Prince of Deux-Ponts (late King of Bavaria), who treated him with the highest distinction. He stopped also at Munich, where he was equally well received by the Elector. Having arrived at Vienna, he became intimate with Haydn, Mozart, and all the distinguished musicians of that capital.

The Emperor, Joseph II., who was very fond of music, frequently took pleasure in listening to him for several hours, and sometimes passed whole evenings with Mozart and Clementi, who succeeded each other at the piano. Clementi wrote at Vienna his op. 4 (three sonatas), published by Artaria, op. 8 published at Lyons, and six sonatas (op. 9 and 10), published by Artaria. On his return to England, he published his famous *Toccata* with a sonata (op. 11), which had been published at France, without his knowledge, from a copy filled with errors. In the autumn of 1783, John Baptist Cramer, then fifteen years old, became a pupil of Clementi, after having received lessons from Schoröter and F. Abel. In the following year Clementi took another journey to France, whence he returned at the beginning of the year 1785. From that time to 1802 he did not leave England, and devoted himself to teaching. Although he had fixed the price of his lessons at a guinea, his pupils were so numerous that it was difficult for him to find any time for composing. It was at this period that he wrote all his works from op. 15 to op. 40, and his *Introduction to the art of playing the piano*. About the year 1800, the bankruptcy of the house of Longman and Broderip caused him to lose a considerable sum; many merchants of the first rank engaged to unite in business to repair this loss; he took this advice and formed an association for the manufacture of pianos and the sale of music. The desire which he felt of giving to every instrument he made all desirable perfection, induced him to give up teaching in order to devote himself to mechanical studies and an active superintendence. His enterprise was crowned with success, and his house became one of the first in London.

Of the distinguished pupils Clementi formed, we may mention John Field, one of the most skilful pianists of his time. It was with this favourite scholar that in the autumn of 1802 he went to Paris for the third time. He was received there with the highest admiration, and Field excited astonishment by the manner in which he played the fugues of Bach. The two artists in 1803 took the route to Vienna, and Clementi had intended to entrust Field to the care of Albrechtsberger, to be instructed in counterpoint. Field at first consented, but at the moment his master prepared to depart for Russia, he supplicated him with tears in his eyes to be permitted to accompany him. Clementi could not resist his entreaties, and they both started for St. Petersburg. There a young pianist named Zeuner, attached himself to Clementi, and followed him to Berlin, and afterwards to Dresden. In this city a young man of the greatest promise was presented to him, named Klengel, whom he received as a pupil, and with whom he returned to Vienna in 1804. Klengel became from that time one of the first organists of Germany. Kalkbrenner also applied to Clementi, and received such advice as carried his talent to the highest degree of perfection. In the following year Clementi and his pupil Klengel made a tour to Switzerland. Clementi afterwards returned to Berlin, where he married his first wife. He went with her to Italy in the autumn of the same year, and stayed at Rome and Naples. On his return to Berlin Clementi had the misfortune to lose his wife. The grief he felt in consequence caused him to leave abruptly for Petersburg; but not finding solace excepting in the distractions inseparable from travelling, he remained but a short time in that city, and returned to Vienna. Having heard, a short time afterwards, of the death of his brother, he repaired to Rome on private business. The war which then desolated Europe obliged him to remain a while at Milan, and several

other cities of Italy; but finding a favourable opportunity, he returned to England, where he arrived in the summer of 1810, after an absence of eight years. The following year Clementi married again, and an amiable companion consoled him for the loss of his first wife. Clementi composed but one sonata (Op. 41) during the eight years of his travels, having been absorbed in the composition of his symphonies, and the preparation of a choice collection of pieces for the organ and harpsichord, selected from the works of the greatest composers. The Philharmonic Society having been instituted, Clementi brought out two symphonies, which were performed several times and highly praised. In the month of March, 1824, he gave some new pieces to the Philharmonic Society and the King's Theatre.

The works of Clementi consist of a hundred and six sonatas, divided into thirty-four ops., of which there are forty-six, with an accompaniment for the violin or flute and violoncello; a duo for two pianos; four duos for four hands; a chase; a toccata; a set of characteristic pieces, in the style of several great masters; three capriccios; a fantasia upon the air, "By the light of the moon"; twenty-four waltzes; twelve *mont-ferrines*; an introduction to the art of playing the piano (*Gradus ad Parnassum*), divided into twelve parts, a work which passed through twelve editions in England, and was reprinted several times in Germany and France, besides symphonies and overtures for a full orchestra. Clementi was also the editor of a fine collection of choice pieces of the great masters, published at London, in three volumes, folio. The style of Clementi's compositions is light, brilliant, and full of elegance, and his sonatas will remain classic a long time; but it cannot be denied that there is a barrenness in his themes, and that he is wanting in passion. Except some slight mistakes his works are generally well written. As a pianist, the eulogiums that have been lavished upon him are without bounds, and the greatest artists agree in pronouncing him chief of the best school of mechanism and of fingering. It is he who fixed the principles of the fingering and mechanism of execution. Many complete editions of his works have been published at Leipzig and at Bonn.

Clementi enjoyed the highest consideration in England, and the most distinguished artists testified their respect for him. Possessed of considerable wealth, he gave up, during the latter part of his life, the direction of his establishment for the sale of music, and the manufacture of pianos to the care of his partner, Mr. Collard; and having retired to an estate in the country, he lived in repose, and seldom went to London. On one of his visits to that city, Cramer, Moscheles, and many other celebrated artists gave a dinner to the patriarch of the piano; and towards the end of the evening, they prevailed upon him to play. He extemporised—and the freshness of his ideas, and the perfection of his playing, excited surprise and admiration. Clementi died soon after this, on the 10th of March, 1832, at eighty years of age.

Dramatic Intelligence.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The production of *Timon of Athens* here on Monday excited the usual interest of a Shakspearian revival at Sadler's Wells, the house being early filled in every part. It is generally allowed, that the last two acts of this play are among the greatest inspirations of the poet, and *Timon* may possibly be added to those characters, of which, (as has been said of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and others), the stage has

hitherto found but few adequate representatives. In spite of the grand ideal of the principal character, and the contrast and relief afforded by the other parts, the play wants that which alone can give it permanent popularity at the theatre—an action of interest and continuity. Indeed so well has Mr. Phelps been aware of the necessity of helping out the piece by scenic aid, that a moving Diorama of the March of Alcibiades and his army from the walls of Athens to *Timon's* retreat in the woods, has been introduced. The pruning knife also has been pretty freely used. The little part of the clown has been omitted, together with the scene in the last act, between *Timon* and the Poet and Painter, which latter it would have been better to retain. One of the most subtle and striking points of this play is the contrast between the cynicism of *Timon* and *Apemantus*. With *Timon*, as has been well said, "It is all up-hill work;" but *Apemantus* is the true sceptic of nature, who "abhors himself," and delivers his gibes with all the cold-blooded ferocity of baffled pride and will.

Timon.—"Thou art proud *Apemantus*!"

Timon does not possess much interest with the audience, until his burst of fury at his creditors.

"What! are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house be my retentive enemy, my goal? The place in which I've feasted, does it now, like all mankind, show me an iron heart?"

* * * "Cut my heart in sums!" * * * tell out my blood!
* * * Take me, tear me, and the gods fall on you," &c., &c.

This, and the mock grace at the pretended banquet which follows, were among Mr. Phelps's happiest points. His soliloquy outside the walls,

"Let me look back upon thee, oh thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves," &c.

was given with the vehement power in which he excels, and his address to the gold which he digs up, told with equal force upon the audience.

"Why this—

We'll lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions."

* * * "Come damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations,

I will make thee do thy right nature."

Can Greek tragedy show such lines?

Mr. Phelps's delineation of this wonderful and strange creation of Shakspeare's mind, possibly came as near to the stern power of the poet's ideal as we can reasonably hope to see on the modern stage. The *Apemantus* of Mr. George Bennett, although hardly savage enough, was pungent and well conceived. The scenery and appointments of the dramas of past times have become objects of increasing curiosity, from the strict attention to records which now distinguishes them. The banquetting-hall of *Timon* and the view of a part of the city from the walls, are of great interest as well as beauty, and *Timon's* retreat in the woods is admirably designed and painted. We regret that we cannot speak in praise of the music introduced. The noise of the drums and cymbals that accompanied the March of Alcibiades, was anything but harmonious. The play was listened to with great attention, and received at the close with loud and unanimous applause.

HAYMARKET.—We have paid another visit to *Grandmother Grizzle*, who seems likely to enjoy a green old age here for some time, thanks to the exertions of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the inimitable humour of Mr. Buckstone, and the prettiness of Mrs. Buckingham.

SURREY.—Thanks to the musical taste over the water, and the enterprising management of this theatre, Mozart is becoming as welcome here as any of his less gifted compeers, and the production of *Don Giovanni* has been as successful as any novelty of Mr. Shepherd's operatic season. After having been accustomed to hear the work at our two great lyrical establishments, we, of course, went to the Surrey with moderated expectations; but taking everything into consideration, these were amply fulfilled. Mr. Borrani as the Don, Mr. Travers the Octavio, and Mr. F. Romer the Leporello, all acquitted themselves to the best of their abilities. Miss Annie Romer plays Donna Anna, and Miss Poole, one of the most accomplished of our native lyrical vocalists—is the Zerlina. The rest of the parts are creditably filled. The vocal qualifications of Miss Jane Coveney who plays Elvira, are slender; but she is handsome and well formed, and is a graceful and painstaking actress. The laurels were divided between Mr. Travers, who was encored in "Il mio Tesoro" (we don't remember the English words), and Miss Poole who obtained the like honour in "Vedrai Carino" (of which we also forget the vernacular transmutation). There was now and then a little unsteadiness in the orchestra, but not more than a few repetitions of the opera will probably remove. Let us hope that Mr. Shepherd will follow up his spirited and successful experiment by the production of *Figaro*.

Owing to the indisposition of Miss Romer, in the early part of the week, Miss Annie Romer, rather than see the public disappointed, undertook Miss Romer's part in *Der Freischütz* at two hours' notice and went through her arduous task with the most triumphant success. This fact deserves to be noticed, as it not only shows Miss Annie Romer's great proficiency as a vocalist—so great that it enabled her to study, in an incredibly short period, a part with which she was previously totally unacquainted—but it proves how ready she is to oblige the management, a circumstance which, we are sure, the management will not forget.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, AND NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. W. R. Copeland, the lessee of this theatre, is evidently of the opinion of our transatlantic brethren, that there is nothing like going ahead, and, consequently, the worthy manager, not content with producing one new piece at a time, favoured the public, last Monday, with two first nights, like George Colman's "two single gentlemen"—rolled into one. The entertainments commenced with a comedieta, by Maddison Morton, Esq., entitled *A Hopeless Passion*. The action passes at Madrid, in the time of Philip V. whose accession to the throne of Spain gave rise to Louis XIV.'s celebrated expression, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées."

At the rising of the curtain, we find that the particular period of Philip's reign chosen for the play is that when the Archduke Charles of Austria was using very forcible arguments—in the shape of cannon balls and bayonets,—the latter then a novel invention, to assert his claim to the throne. A certain Don Terribio de Portobello (Mr. Tilbury) in high favour with Philip, has been intriguing with the Archduke's party, and, in every sense, genteel and vulgar, "selling" his master. But great as may be Don Terribio's title to the name of a profound diplomatist, and it is certainly very great, as like most others of the same class, he is made a perfect fool of in the end, he is outmanoeuvred by his ward Donna Beatrice de Sandoval (Mrs. W. R. Copeland), a perfect Talleyrand in petticoats, who discovers his machinations to the King, after having, by the most ingenious system of mystification, first made him give his consent to her union with Gaston de Courville (Mr. Morton), a young French nobleman. Such is a slight and meagre outline of one of the best contrived and most

elaborate plots with which we are acquainted. Surprise follows surprise, and every incident is as necessary to the one that succeeds, as the first proposition of Euclid is to the twelve books that are based upon it. Mr. Tilbury's impersonation of Don Terribio was a very excellent piece of acting, but why, in the name of all that is anachronic, will Mr. Tilbury wear a coat of the reign of George the Second, or the youth of George the Third, at the court of Philip V.? He might almost as well have played the character in a Joinville tie, and a Nicoll's Paletot, "registered according to Act of Parliament, and warranted, etc., etc." Mrs. W. R. Copland gave Donna Beatrice with great spirit, and with that distinct and clear enunciation which the gentlemen who "do" the opening and prorogation of Parliament are always accustomed to attribute to her Majesty, and which we could desire to find a little more prevalent among some actresses of the present day. At the conclusion of the piece, the curtain fell amid general applause. The second novelty of the evening was a *pièce de circonstance* founded upon the assumption of the principal part of male attire by the American ladies, and was, like most pieces of the kind, not remarkable for any particular plot. The grand feature was the appearance of Miss Marshall in the "Bloomer" costume, and a most lovely "Bloomer" she made. If ever the dress does become general in England, it will be because everyone who has seen Miss Marshall in it, with her natty jacket, her umbrageous straw hat, her flowing trousers—*le mot est lâché*—and her captivating blue boots, will insist that his mother, sisters, wife, aunts, and cousins shall adopt it forthwith. Miss Marshall is decidedly a great acquisition to the establishment. Mr. Rogers, as Nobby Nick, a travelling showman, was funny but rather too boisterous. This is a fault he must guard against, as it is one which appears to be growing on him every day; exaggeration is not nature. The title of the farce, by the way, is "A Figure of Fun." After the "tag," spoken by Miss Marshall, who promised to appear again as a Bloomer—we hope she will do so a great many times—the curtain once more fell, and another success was achieved by the management.

Original Correspondence.

FIDELIO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—The thanks of the whole musical world are due to Mr. G. A. Macfarren for his most able and interesting analysis of Beethoven's mighty and inspired production, *Fidelio*. No doubt, all your readers have felt equal interest with me in perusing each portion of it, as it appeared in the pages of your valuable *World*. If the talented author would allow me to suggest the publication of the "Analysis" entire, in the shape of a pamphlet, or, hereafter, in conjunction with other papers of the same kind, which I hope will emanate from his pen, I think he would confer a boon upon many, who from various causes, have not the advantage of reading the *Musical World*, though they ought to do so, of course.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
Yours right faithfully,
J. A. BAKER.

Birmingham, Sept. 16th, 1851.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

1A, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, Sept. 17th.

SIR,—I understand it has been reported that I sailed for America with Miss Hayes. Now as it is not true, I shall be very much obliged if you will be kind enough to contradict the report in the *Musical World*.

Yours very truly,
M. WILLIAMS.

MUSICAL MODESTY IN INDIA.

(To the Editor of The Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to hand you underneath an original advertisement for a concert, extracted from a recent East Indian Newspaper. The modesty of the musical professor shows itself in every line.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

COLOPHANE.

Sept. 14, 1851.

"The humble servant to the public, Peter Damian Ribeiro, having been a resident in this beautiful and wealthy Presidency for the period of more than 20 years, and during this time there having appeared many performers in Bombay periodically, who have cut their respective figures according to each one's musical talents, and left this entirely satisfied with what they had amassed, with applause and thanks of the community at large, although in their performances they have not exhibited any new and scientific composition, but all borrowed pieces, which renders it impossible for any musical performer to convey to his hearers those feelings which nothing but an original composition alone can stimulate, as for instance, Aristotle or Demosthenes whose feelings none can or will be able to express. The undersigned, professor in music, begs to make patent to the world, particularly to the gentry of Bombay, his musical abilities, and proposes to give a concert, of which a programme will be forthwith published. It will be dedicated to the Hon. Sir Erskine Perry, Knight, the worthy Chief Justice of Bombay and its dependencies, as a token of the gratitude which he owes to His Lordship for the kindness and frequent favours he has received, and hopes always to receive at his hands.

"Dated at Colaba, near the Bombay Times Office, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1851.

"PETER DAMIAN RIBEIRO.

"Professor of Music."

MR. BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—SIR,—In one of your numbers of August there is a critique on the concert of Miss LETITIA PITT, and in conjunction with others during the evening you kindly noticed my being encored in Clement White's ballad, "Ah why didst thou tell me;" but in that notice you used the word "BESSED." Now I have some FEW FRIENDS WHO ARE LIBERAL ENOUGH to say it is a mistake of the printer, as it should have been HISSED. As such was not the case, and to decide the question for a provincial MUSICAL FRIEND (a subscriber of yours) who defended me to some country amateurs, I have thus intruded on your time and space, and rely on your polite attention and kind consideration for a young vocalist, and am yours very respectfully,

BRIDGE FRODSHAM.

[Mr. Bridge Frodsam is quite correct—we said "bissed."—Ed.]

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In musical matters I detest doubts, for I have witnessed the sad state of incredulity, the utter disbelief in any maker or instrument, to which the Boehm controversy has reduced flute players; and I have heartily prayed that our convictions may not be similarly disturbed with regard to Pianofortes. It was then, with great satisfaction that I read an article, published in the *Morning Post* of the 15th ult., in which the writer demonstrates, with great force of assertion, the entire superiority of Erard's Pianos over all others. Sir, I was delighted. I said "Here we have a professional opinion, nay, a decision, emanating from the person of all others best qualified to appreciate the merits of the question," for the author is avowedly Mons. Erard himself. This, Sir, was my happy state of mind. I thought at length to have attained to conviction. Alas, reflection has since suggested doubts whether I may not, after all, have built upon a foundation of sand. For whereas Mons. Erard refers to the universal (?) preference of musicians, as furnishing the most conclusive evidence in his favour, yet he complains that by them the introduction and

progress of his instrument has been the most strongly opposed. Again, in relating the story of the judgment of King George, pronounced at once, as he tells us, in favour of Erard's instrument. In this case, I say, not to mention that I have heard a very different version, I cannot get over the fact, that while the decision of amateur royalty is triumphantly cited, that of Mr. Cramer, present on the occasion, and more competent, one would think, in such matters, is never once alluded to. Now, my version of the story represents him as favourable to instruments "of the old construction."

My doubts became stronger still when I read a letter from Messrs. Stodart, and another from Messrs. Broadwood, wherein both houses refute the claims put forward by Mons. Erard with regard to certain inventions.

I thus again find myself launched upon the ocean of uncertainty. Your kind pilotage, Mr. Editor, may perhaps conduct me into some safe and peaceful harbour. Pray do not withhold it from your sincere admirer,

AN AMATEUR.

Provincial.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.) The annual benefit Concert of our talented and highly esteemed townswoman, Miss Amelia Hill, took place on Tuesday evening the 11th instant. The Hall was crowded to excess, which we could attribute to the fact of Concerts having been for a long time past "a dead letter" with us, were we not convinced that the announcement of Sims Reeves, whose magic name has figured on our walls in all shapes and sizes for some days past, had a good deal to do with it, and, moreover the numerous friend of the fair *beneficiaire* were all exerting themselves to the utmost for their townswoman. The artistes from London were Sims Reeves, Frank Bodda, Miss Eyles and Miss Kate Loder. Sims Reeves was received with reiterated storms of applause. All his songs were vociferously re-demanded. We never heard him sing the divine air, "In Native Worth" more chastely.

Miss Eyles, who made her first appearance in Birmingham was very favourably received, and encored in both her songs. We hope ere long to welcome this lady again to our town. Frank Bodda, we thought not in good voice. His *Aria Buffa* "Largo al factotum," was very spiritedly given and redemanded. A similar compliment was paid to his Irish Ballad "Thady O'Toole," a *fool* of a thing, by the way, but for which he only bowed his acknowledgments. We had another *debutante*, Miss Marianne Hill, sister of the *beneficiaire*, who although very nervous acquitted herself very creditably in a couple of duets with her sister. Miss Amelia Hill pleased us better than usual. She seemed to have lost a great deal of her nervous timidity, and consequently, her voice which is very pure in quality, appeared to much greater advantage. She sang Rodes air with variations, a difficult task for her, quite to our critical satisfaction, although Louisa Pync's delicious singing of the same air was still ringing in our ears. *En passant*, we may remark we thought Miss Hill undertook too much by one half, singing no less than nine times, beside *encores*. We think she would do well to avoid this fault in future. There were two or three concerted pieces, which, excepting Barnett's "Magic Wove Scarf" were only common place.

The Pianoforte playing of Kate Loder was the gem of the evening. She was encored in Schulhoff *Carnival*, for which she substituted Stephen Heller's pleasing bagatelle "Chant de Chasseur." She also appeared as a composer, accompanying Miss Hill in a charming serenade, with which we hope soon to be better acquainted. Thalberg's brilliant duet for two pianofortes was admirably played by Kate Loder and our talented young townswoman Miss Stevens, who well sustained her reputation as an accomplished pianiste. Mr. Simms ably discharged the duties of Conductor. The *encores* were, as usual in Birmingham very numerous, there being no less than eleven, which prolonged the concert far too much, though most of the audience remained to the last, and we trust enjoyed their respective journeys home by the light of the "Full Moon" which Miss Hill kindly announced in her programmes, would take place that evening. Altogether the con-

cert gave satisfaction, but—as your Manchester Correspondent says, “Oh! these butts”—there was no band, no orchestra! No doubt it answered Miss Hill’s purpose better to have the orchestra filled, as it was, by listeners and *payers*! rather than by performers and *receivers*! But we trust ere long no concert will be given in England to without an efficient orchestra. We are glad to notice that in this town, at least, there is now some hope of accomplishing this great and desirable end, as will be perceived from the subjoined extract from our Birmingham Journal.

“ESTABLISHMENT OF AN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The condition of musical bankruptcy in which Birmingham has been placed for some years past has been owing in a great measure to the want of a good resident orchestra, and that want is in no inconsiderable degree the result of personal misunderstandings. With a festival unrivalled in England, Birmingham occupies a very low position in musical taste, so low that the few concerts we have are shorn of half their interest by the absence of an orchestra. It is with no ordinary pleasure we learn that a numerous meeting of the instrumentalists of the town took place on Monday last, at the Assembly Room, Dee’s Royal Hotel, which was kindly placed by the proprietor at the disposal of the artists brought together on the occasion. The result of the meeting was an unanimous resolution to establish a society, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Baker, for the study and performance of orchestral music in all its branches; and a provisional committee was formed to make arrangements for carrying out the intention of the meeting with vigour. The society has chosen for its title ‘The Birmingham Orchestral Musical Union,’ and we sincerely trust that under their auspices the musical reputation of the town will be elevated from its present miserable condition of prostration.”

HARROGATE.—**MR. JULIAN ADAMS’ CONCERT.**—This concert took place in the Cheltenham Room on Tuesday evening last, and was crowded to excess by every visitor of rank and fashion in the vicinity—the best proof that this pianist is justly appreciated by all who admire native talent. To speak of his pianoforte playing would be superfluous, having so long taken his position; but we are bound to express our surprise at his conducting the orchestra through long and difficult pieces entirely from memory, which was displayed in the overture to *Semiramide*, and the divertissement of Carl Buller; as also the selection of Scotch airs, which was admirably performed. Mr. Lawlor was encored in the beautiful song of Kooke—“My Boyhood’s Home,” which was given with the greatest possible expression. This gentleman possesses a deep bass voice, and is one of our best vocalists. We were highly pleased with the comic duet—“The singing Lesson,” in which Madame Bouran was exceedingly humorous. Miss M. B. Marsh appeared to labour under disadvantage, and we were disappointed with the singing of “Qui la voce,” one of the most favourite pieces of Bellini. The orchestra was full, the performers all determined to exert themselves to the satisfaction of their director, Mr. Julian Adams, and the result was one of the best concerts we remember in Harrogate.—*Harrogate Advertiser*.

MANCHESTER.—**GLOVER’S “EMANUEL.”**—We are glad to find this oratorio is to be brought out in the Free Trade Hall, in the course of the present month. We have heard portions of the work given at the rehearsals, and have reason to expect its public performance will raise the talented composer in the estimation of his townsmen. Mr. Glover has the assistance of a number of gentlemen who are earnestly working to bring out this, his second work, in a manner every way worthy of the town. Already upwards of fifty pounds have been subscribed towards the expenses of the performance; and considering the very liberal offer of Mr. Glover and his friends to hand over the surplus proceeds to the Sunday-school fund for Her Majesty’s visit, we may reasonably expect to see the room well-filled on the occasion.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.—The distinguished vocalist, Madame Clara Novello, is about to appear at the Free Trade Hall, on the 30th instant, after an absence of seven years. The remembrance of her great triumph on the occasion of her last singing there, will no doubt cause much desire again to hear her. Along with her, besides the fine tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, the able bass, Mr. Delavanti, and the renowned violinist, Signor Sivori, we are to hear

for the first time in England Mlle. Caroline Beer, from the opera of Hamburg, whose reputation will be familiar to many of the German population of this locality. She possesses a voice of immense compass, particularly fine in the lower range, and sings with great passion and feeling. This is the opinion we have heard expressed of her powers by individuals on whose judgment we can rely.—*Manchester Examiner*.

CONSHAM.—A Concert took place at the British school-room on the 29th ult., when the room was not so full as we could have wished, but the company were highly respectable. The vocalists were Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, of Bath, assisted by two amateurs, who kindly gave their services. The band was led by Mr. Pitman, of Bath, and Mr. W. B. Sainsbury acted as conductor. W. Weaver, Esq., kindly assisted in the instrumental pieces. Mr. Vincent’s performances on the flute were greatly admired, as were also Mrs. Pyne’s, who was encored in “Within a mile.” The duet, “Born in yon Blaze,” was also encored. Mrs. Pyne’s sweet style of singing cannot fail to be appreciated. Altogether, the concert went off, like most concerts do, capitally. Some say an amateur concert would answer better; but the appearance of eminent professors gives a musical character to the thing.

CHEL TENHAM.—The Cheltenham Floral Association held its last show of the season this afternoon, at the Pittville Spa. The weather was remarkably fine, and the attendance consequently numerous. We have not, indeed, for many years witnessed so gay and brilliant an assemblage of the rank, beauty, and fashion of Cheltenham and the surrounding neighbourhood, as was gathered together upon this occasion; and to render the scene still more gay and exhilarating, the band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, and performed on the terrace in front of the Pump Room during the whole of the afternoon, the selection of music being quite first-rate, as the following programme of the compositions performed will sufficiently evince:—

PART I.

GRAND MARCH—“Athalie”	...	Mendelssohn
OVERTURE—“Fest”	...	Lindpaintner
WALTZ—“Herbst Blumen” (Autumn Flowers)	...	Labitzky
GRAND FANTASIA—“Robert le Diable,” selected and arranged by C. Godfrey	...	Meyerbeer
POLKA—“The Crystal fountain”	...	Jullien
DUO CONCERTANTE—“Cornet a Piston and Trombone”	...	Bender
SELECTION—“Ne touchez pas a la reine”	...	Boisselot
QUADRILLE—“The Great Exhibition”	...	Jullien

PART II.

GRAND SELECTION—“Le Prophete,” selected and arranged by C. Godfrey	...	Meyerbeer
WALTZ—“Donna Sabine”	...	Henrion
FANTASIA—On airs from “Lucrezia Borgia”	...	Donizetti
POLKA—“The Eclipse”	...	Koenig
POT POURRI—“The Marble Maiden”	...	A. Adam
INTRODUCTION—“Child of the Air”	...	Mountain
BRIDAL SONG—“See here we bring”	...	Sylph
POLKA—“The Matagorda”	...	W. E. Jarrett
GALOP—“The Amazon and Tiger”	...	Karl Buller

The musical department was under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening week a Grand Dress Concert took place in the Concert Hall. The following was the programme:—

FIRST PART:

OVERTURE—“Clemenza di Tito”	...	Mozart
ARIA—Signor Tagliafico—“Liete voci” (Zaira)	...	Mercadante
SWISS AIRS—Madame Sontag	...	Eckert
CONCERTO—Violin—M. Sainton—(No. 9)	...	Spohr
CAVATINA—Mademoiselle Fischer—“Robert, toi que j’aime” (Robert le Diable)	...	Meyerbeer
DUO—Mademoiselle Fischer and Signor Tagliafico—“Se la vita” (Semiramide)	...	Rossini
ARIA—Madame Sontag—“O luce di quest’ anima” (Linda di Chaumonix)	...	Donizetti

SECOND PART.

OVERTURE—"Otello"	Rossini
SONG—Madame Sontag—"The soldier tired"	Dr. Arne
SONG—Signor Tagliafico—"Madamina, il catalogo"	Mozart
DUETT—Madame Sontag and Mademoiselle Fischer—"Sullaria"—(Nozze di Figaro)	Mozart
DUETT—Pianoforte and violin—Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Sainton	Beethoven
ARIA—Mademoiselle Fischer—"Ernani, involami" (Ernani)	Verdi
POLKA SONG—Madame Sontag (composed for her)	Alary
"THE WEDDING MARCH"	Mendelssohn
CONDUCTOR	Mr. Charles Hallé.
LEADER	Mr. Seymour.

The overture to *Clemenza di Tito* formed a spirited introduction to the evening's performances. The first vocal solo fell to the share of Signor Tagliafico, a gentleman whom we are always glad to hear, who did full justice to it. The Signor, indeed, sung very well in all the pieces committed to his care, and received, as he could not fail to do, many expressions of approbation, though we think he deserved an encore, for the style in which he gave the air from *Don Giovanni*, a chaste and finished performance.

The celebrated Sontag was, of course, the grand attraction. Her qualifications are too well known to require any comment from us. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and accuracy of the ornaments so lavishly introduced in the air from Donizetti, which was vociferously encored, the fair singer returning only to bow her acknowledgments. However, she yielded to the importunate demands of the audience at the conclusion of the Swiss air, with its astonishing echo passages, and gave "Home, sweet home," in the most charming manner imaginable, raising the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. She did not create such a sensation in "The soldier tired," in which, by-the-bye Mr. Ellwood's trumpet was very effective, and the polka song we thought scarcely worthy of her choice, though "composed for her," but her splendid execution would make anything more than passable.

Mademoiselle Fischer appeared very nervous; she gives evidence of having been in a good school, and will doubtless, ere long, obtain a due proportion of public estimation. Her most successful effort was perhaps in the duet with Madame Sontag, in which the voices of the ladies blended very nicely; and this duet, we should add, was one of the encores. When we heard the first vocal piece, Tagliafico's solo, we hoped to have been able to compliment the band for a more discriminating volume of tone in the accompaniments. "Liete voci" certainly was the best accompanied song we have heard for a long time in the Concert Hall, and the same improvement was kept up to within the last few bars of Madame Sontag's first solo, when the instrumentalists again forgot themselves, and completely drowned the singer: this was repeatedly the case during the subsequent pieces; still, on the whole, we consider there was a considerable improvement upon previous concerts. In the metropolis no musician is held in greater estimation for classical violin playing than M. Sainton. The concerto of Spohr was not a composition calculated for general comprehension, and no doubt would be felt tedious by those who cannot appreciate a style of music which had none of the *clap-trap* so much in vogue in music for violin. There were no displays of apparent impossibilities, no violent changes, all was quiet—some would say tame; but at the same time the performance of M. Sainton, was unimpeachable in point of refinement and correctness. The duet for pianoforte and violin by Beethoven, was very fairly divided between the executants. Sainton was heard to greater advantage than before, and Hallé as usual distinguished himself by his faultless execution. The hall was unusually crowded, and the temperature of the evening being remarkably close and sultry, the heat in the room was very oppressive: it seemed to cause a great fatality among the fiddle-strings, which were continually breaking, those of M. Sainton's instrument not being exempted from the list of casualties—his last performance being interrupted for a few moments in consequence. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's spirited Wedding March, from *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream, which seems to have a greater power in retaining the audience to the close than any other piece in the orchestral repertoire.—*Manchester Courier*.

Foreign.

BERLIN.—The operatic public here have the benefit of the antagonistic exertions of three rival *prime donne*, of almost equal pretensions, Mademoiselle Wagner, Madame Tucsek, and Madame Kæster. Mademoiselle Wagner has recently made her *reentrée* in *Fidelio* with such success, that she snuffed out all her predecessors. Madame Tucsek, in the part of Rezia, in *Oberon*, next appeared, and with such success that she snuffed out Mademoiselle Wagner. Lastly, Madame Kæster came forward as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, with such success, that she snuffed out Madame Tucsek. Mademoiselle Wagner then reappeared as Fidelio with such success, that she snuffed out both her rivals, and *Fidelio* was victorious. The genius of Beethoven towered above that of Weber and Meyerbeer. The rest of the company is but an "awkward squad," nevertheless, Spontini's *Olympia* is to be represented on the 15th of October, with Madame Kæster as Olympia, Mdle. Wagner as Statira, and is not likely to snuff out *Fidelio*. Mr. Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, London, has been here, and Doctor Bacher from Vienna is expected. Either, it is bruited, has one eye upon Mdle. Wagner, and the other eye upon Madame Kæster. Another *impresario* is expected in a cloak, who, it is bruited, will have either eye upon both. Meanwhile Mr. Bunn, who, I am told, is in want of a *prima donna*, would do well to call a cab and drive to the London station, and there taking information of the route to Berlin, avail himself of that information, and proceed *via* Ostend to Berlin, and there inquire touching the future intentions of Madame Tucsek—VIVAT REGINA.—*From our own Correspondent*.

WEIMAR.—Liszt is getting up the opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, of his friend Berlioz, at the Court Theatre.

VIENNA.—M. Thalberg's *Florinda* is in rehearsal at the *Karntnerthor*, and will be shortly produced.

LEIPSIK.—The directors of the concerts of the *Gewandhaus*, have just published their manifesto.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Now that the *flat* season has commenced, after the termination of the sharp operatic contest between the rival establishments of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, we present our readers with a few stray *crotchets*; and if perchance, any of our jokes be considered *thorough base*, we trust they will not prevent any dissentient peruser from pursuing the "even *tenor* of his way."

ALBERT SMITH, *on dit*, recently ascended Mont Blanc in order to make himself acquainted with the "sliding scale," as popular amongst the Swiss, but not with the free-traders of Britain. Doubtless the facetious writer was well provided with *slips* whilst taking notes of his ascent.

MARIO the "Titan" of tenors, was *instrumental* in cutting short the operatic season at Covent Garden, having refused to sing at reduced prices. Mr. Gye deems the *primo tenore* a "tight 'un" to deal with.

JENNY LIND—whose advent has already been trumpeted—has been dubbed by the Manchester Cotton Lords a "spinning Jenny" in consequence of her having spun a rapid fortune in America. Speculation is afloat as to what will turn up when the fair Swede arrives in London.

CATHERINE HAYES the *gentle*, appropriately left for America, in the *Pacific*. How the *Swan* of Erin will please the Yankees after the Swedish *Nightingale* remains to be seen. Query? How can the pretty Catherine return from the *United State(s)* single?

MESSEURS RUST AND STAHL have caught a Mrs. *Sammon* in the act of purloining some of their pianofortes. We congratulate them on *hooking their fish*, and trust that in all similar cases they will deal *forte* with the delinquents instead of *piano*.

ALEXANDRE BILLET's classical playing has so enchanted a certain "bas bleu" in the Metropolitan literary world, that the fair admirer has dubbed the "great Alexandre" a veritable "*Billet doux*."

BUNN's forthcoming campaign at Drury Lane remains for the present a mystery. *Bunn* it is well known, is no *cake* in theatrical matters; but whether he will realize a *plum* by his speculation is a question.

A NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA seems as far from being realized as ever. *Overtures made to (not by)* the profession generally would probably be rejected, and would thus prevent them *acting in concert*, and as *harmony* is requisite in matters musical, an operatic company would with difficulty be found to support with one *accord*, a national English opera.

JULLIEN'S DRURY LANE CONCERTS, and the November fogs will come simultaneously—the former's merry strains to neutralize the "vapours" inseparable from the latter. *Apropos* would it not be appropriate for the master of the *baton*, in consideration of his ample white waistcoat to open the campaign with the overture to the *Vest-al(c)*?

CARLOTTA GRISI will, it appears, *trip it* to St. Peterburg, via *Stettin*. Let us hope the fair *danseuse* will not (to use a Latin term) "*stet in*" the ice en route!

LABLACHE'S COSTUMIER complains of the recently great sameness in the dress of the great *basso*, inasmuch as that the "gros de Naples" naturally requires a mixture of broad cloth.

Reviews of Music.

"THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL HARMONY."—Being a perfect System founded upon Discovery of the true Semitonic Scale—J. J. HAITE. Ewer and Co.—Cocks and Co.

This is an ingenious treatise, but so brief and so concise that the new discovery by which the author professes to separate his theory from that of all others, and to present for the first time a system of harmony "complete and incontrovertible," is scarcely made out with sufficient clearness. Mr. Haite assumes that the Diatonic scale has been ably treated by theorists, but that the Semitonic scale has never been understood. The first part of his work, not professing to differ from his predecessors, we need not examine. The last and shorter portion, treating of the semitonic scale, demands a few observations.

Everybody, who is at all versed in the theories of harmony which have been published to the world, is aware that the great stumbling-block in the way of musical philosophers and acousticians has been the minor scale. Even the harmonic systems have failed to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point. The minor third, in short, has been pronounced an artifice in which nature has had no hand, and with this bungling explanation has been dis-

missed. Mr. Haite gives as a reason of the minor scale having been a riddle to all theorists—that the theorists have not understood the principles of any scale. He allows to Schneider and Godfreid Weber the merit of having discovered that a sharp fourth, counting from the "scalic root," existed in the minor scale. This one step on the great ladder of natural truth he declares has conferred a vast benefit upon musical art; and we may presume has helped Mr. Haite to find out the remaining steps. Mr. Haite's scalic principle is, that there is a leading note to each interval of the common chord upon the first degree of the scale, major and minor. His "semitonic major scale" is therefore, C—D—D sharp—E—F—F sharp—G—A—B—C. His semitonic minor scale is A—B—C—D sharp—E—F—G sharp—A. In the major scale the leading notes are, of course, the D sharp, F sharp, and B— in the minor B—D sharp and G sharp. "From this hitherto unsuspected fact," Mr. Haite adduces that the major scale, which left the devices of semitonic combinations altogether to the minor, "is now capable of inexhaustible variety," that a vast field is opened for new effects, and the brushwood that perplexed the feet of the elder theorists in their race to the house of knowledge, compelling them to explain what they knew not by such terms as "inventions" and "licences," for ever cleared away.

Having assumed all this, Mr. Haite develops his system with great ingenuity; and, admitting his premises, it would be difficult to controvert his deductions. But, as the logician says, "we deny his major," and denying his major, can hardly be enabled to admit his minor. Everything that can be derived from what Mr. Haite terms his "semitonic scales," and a great deal else in the bargain, may be deduced from the chromatic scale, from which Mr. Haite, to constitute his pet scale, takes two notes, D sharp, F sharp, in the major, and two notes, D sharp G sharp, in the minor (of the scales of C and A, quoted above), and popping them upon the ordinary diatonic scale, dubs it with a new name of his invention. But those who are entire believers in the theory of harmony and notation discovered by the late Doctor Alfred Day, and expounded in his "Treatise on Harmony," where it is shown that all the notes of the scale, diatonic and chromatic, are derived from the harmonies of three primal roots, the tonic, the supertonic and the dominant—those who have examined and admitted the truth of this discovery cannot by any means allow that a D sharp can belong to the key of C. Mr. Haite's principle of roots, in fact, appears to us quite as obscure, *unbased*, and inexplicable, as that of the Abbé Vogler, which consists of neither more nor less than a series of unfounded assumptions. We are surprised to find a modern theorist using his pen and bothering his brains to explain the vague nomenclatures of Doctor Crotch, and to tell us the derivation of what that more elaborate than perspicuous theorist denominates the "Italian sixth," the "German sixth," and the "French sixth." As part of a system of deriving, however, it may be cited for its singularity. For example: the "Italian sixth," F—A—D sharp—(counting from the bass) he derives from D sharp—F and A; the "German sixth," F—A—C—D sharp, he derives from D sharp—F—A—C; the "French sixth," F—A—B—D sharp, he derives from B—D sharp—F—A; appending to which curious examples of deduction, he assumes that enough has been said to place the full range of his system "under the control of the thorough musician." Perhaps, however, our musicianship is not sufficiently "thorough" to comprehend the *arcana* of Mr. Haite's Temple of Harmony; which, to our humane comprehension, we humbly avow to be a myth.

In the development of his system, Mr. Haite has recourse to sundry strokes, and other innovated signs, for which he makes a sort of apology, wholly unnecessary, since they are remarkably simple and easy to be retained in the memory. In short, while professing our inability to penetrate into the secrets of that part of his theory (from page 13 to the end) which treats of the "semitonic scale," we acknowledge to have read Mr. Haite's little book with a vast deal of interest, and no less respect for the talent and ingenuity with which, in so few pages, he has endeavoured to unfold and explain his peculiar views. It is worth the pains of examining, by all who concern themselves in speculations concerning the theory of harmony, upon which the whole art and science of music depend.

"NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION OF ALL MOZART'S FAVOURITE SONGS, DUETS, AND TRIOS." With the original Italian and German Words, and an entirely new English version by W. H. BELLAMY—Arranged from the scores of Mozart by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY. T. Chappell.

We have received eight numbers out of twelve of the above very valuable collection of songs, containing some of the most beautiful specimens of lyrical composition which the art can boast, and take the opportunity of communicating to our readers the fact of their publication. The editorship of Mr. Wesley, our great organist, and a musician worthy of his father's name, is sufficient to recommend them equally to professors and amateurs, and guarantees the excellence of the arrangements.

As specimens of the manner in which Mr. Wesley has performed his task, we may adduce the two exquisite songs of Cherubino from *Figaro*, "Non so piu cosa" and "Voi che sapete," in which the accompaniments have been adapted in such a manner as not only to suit the genius of the piano, but to convey powerfully the varied effects of Mozart's instrumentation. We have rarely seen any thing more finished, rich, and effective in the shape of piano-forte arrangements from an orchestral score. The numbers before us comprise the two songs from *Figaro* just mentioned, (Nos. 2 and 8); the Italian airs "L'Addio" and "Quando Miro" (Nos. 3 and 4); "Non piu Andrai," "Dove Sono," and the duet "Crudel perche" from *Figaro* (Nos. 9, 10, 12); and "I Moderni Cavalieri" (No. 5). We shall be glad to receive numbers 1, 6, 7, and 11, at Mr. Chappell's earliest convenience.

Although we have cited the two songs of Cherubino as examples, it is but just to say that every one of Mr. Wesley's arrangements shows the hand of a master, a musician of refined taste, and a devoted worshipper of Mozart.

Mr. Bellamy's English version is for the most part elegant and tasteful. The only objection we have to urge is against the translation of the "Voi che sapete," the sentiment of which is altered and entirely spoiled. Perhaps Mr. Bellamy wrote to order, and was told to eschew the aspirations and love breathings of the ardent and impetuous Page. In all the other songs Mr. Bellamy has paid fitting reverence to the text.

"REUBEN RAYNE."—Written by GEORGE JAMES COOKE—Composed by GEORGE BARKER. Robert Cocks and Co.

For a black melody Mr. George Barker's present offering to the muse must be pronounced decidedly successful. The song has a Columbian flavour, which might, as it were, have been apprehended on the banks of the Ohio, or in the country of the bones and banjo. We have a leaning for Yankee tunes, in certain humours; and at times would prefer the native wood-notes wild of "My ole masser tole me so," or "Poor Nigger Joe," to a melody of whiter or less alien origin. Mr. George Barker's tune is a tune—there is no mistaking its simplicity and straightforwardness—it is a purely primitive ballad, and nothing else, and must be accepted as such, and no more. If you want a refined ballad, or a metaphysical ballad, or a ballad with profound harmonies, or a ballad suggestive of high-wrought fancies and originalities, you must avoid Mr. George Barker's new American contribution to the music table, and seek for what you want somewhere else; but if you are pleased with a mild, genial, unsophisticated tune, too pure to admit of modulations, too homely to receive subtle harmonies, take "Reuben Rayne," you will be fitted to a T. As such we can recommend Mr. George Barker's ballad honestly.

Of Mr. George James Cook, the poet, we must plead utter ignorance. We have never read any of his works; but, of a verity, from the specimen before us we desire greatly to become acquainted with them. The poetry of "Reuben Rayne" is so original in more sense than one that we consider it would be unfair to our readers to deprive them of so great a treat as must be experienced in its perusal. And so for

REUBEN RAYNE.

When I was stolen from my home,
And made a captive slave;
They bound me with an iron chain,
I did his mercy crave.
All day I wept, at night I cried,
Oh! take me back again,
Unto my own dear peaceful home,
To my poor Reuben Rayne.

CHORUS.

Oh! pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
No friendly voice to cheer him now,
Oh! my pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never smile again!

They sold me to a Christian man,
I did his pity gain,
He loos'd me from the cruel yoke,
And set me free again.
But oh! I could not Reuben find,
My own dear Reuben Rayne,
They told me he was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain!

CHORUS.

Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart,
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
We'll never meet again!

All night I sat upon his grave,
And sorely I did cry,
Awake, awake, my love, awake,
Or let me with thee die,
For in this wretched world of woe,
I ne'er shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Reuben Rayne!

CHORUS.

O! pity, then, poor Reuben Rayne;
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
We'll never meet again.

The originality, beauty, pathos and fancy of the above lyric cannot be readily surpassed. We should like to have more Reuben Raynes from the same graphic pen.

Miscellaneous.

ON THE SISTRUM, &c.—After the death of Saul there appears to be little doubt but the Lyre was greatly improved and many strings added to it, for we find it used with six, eight, ten, but not exceeding twelve or fifteen in number, and mention is made that David returning from the conquest of Goliath, met the women of the Hebrew city singing and dancing with Timbrels and Sistrums, which latter instrument belonged to the Egyptians, and consisted of a bar of metal, formed into an oval, and terminating in a handle, this handle was on a line with some small pieces of iron, bent a little at both ends, and extending from one side of the oval to the other, and these being struck with a small metal stick, produced various sounds, but they were of different forms according to the taste of the manufacturer; some had four bars across, others only three. Bruce says,—In Abyssinia it is used in the quick measure, or in allegros, in singing psalms of thanksgiving, each priest has a sistrum, which he shakes in a threatening manner at his neighbour, dancing, leaping, and turning round, with such indecent violence, that he resembles rather a priest of paganism, from whence this

instrument was derived, than a Christian. The Abyssinians have a tradition, that the sistrum, lyre, and tambourine were brought from Egypt into Ethiopia, by *Thot*, in the very first ages of the world.

After David became king of Israel music was held in the highest estimation, and his own genius for, and his attachment to the study and practice of it, as well as the great number of musicians appointed by him to officiate in the performance of religious rites and ceremonies proves that it had made rapid progress and advanced greatly toward a state of perfection, for it is mentioned in 1st Chron. 13 Chap. 8 verse, that David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord, with all their might, with singing, on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals, and on trumpets. And it appears that there were places established for the study and practice of music, by the approbation and under the sanction and patronage of the King of Israel.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*

JENNY LIND ALL OVER.—We had yesterday the pleasure of being shaved with a Jenny Lind razor, by a Jenny Lind barber, scented with Jenny Lind Cologne, combed with a Jenny Lind comb, brushed with a Jenny Lind brush, washed in a Jenny Lind bowl, and wiped with a Jenny Lind towel. After which we put on our Jenny Lind hat, walked into a Jenny Lind restaurant, and partook of Jenny Lind sausages. Then we took up a Jenny Lind paper, read a Jenny Lind editorial, smoked a Jenny Lind cigar, and throwing ourselves back in a Jenny Lind chair, fell into a profound Jenny Lind reverie.—*New Orleans Courier.*

MAD. SONTAG.—The medical gentleman who attended Madame Sontag, on Friday night, when she was accidentally wounded in the arm by Signor Pardini in the last scene of *Otello*, was Dr. Glück, physician to the Western Dispensary, well known as a skilful and eminent practitioner.

THE ORGANS IN THE EXHIBITION.—A deputation from the Law Courts Committee of Liverpool paid an early visit to the Exhibition on Monday morning, in order to hear the powers of the various English organs erected in the building. We understand that the object of this visit was to decide upon a builder for the great organ intended to be erected in St. George's-hall, Liverpool. The deputation was attended by Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Walmesley, and Mr. W. T. Best, eminent members of the musical profession, whose services were called into requisition upon this occasion.

MISS STEELE has entirely recovered from her late accident, and has resumed her professional avocations.

MR. KEELBY.—We regret to state that this talented actor met with an accident when stepping into his carriage the other day, which has prevented his performing these last few nights. We are happy to hear, however, that he is fast recovering.

SIGNOR FALTONI, who made his debut at Her Majesty's Theatre this week, is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to sing with Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and her sister will sing at Mr. Schloss' concert in Greenwich next week.

FALL OF THE THEATRE AT SIMLA.—The following is a letter from Simla, of the 25th of July:—"A fearful accident occurred here on the morning of the 24th; but the accounts regarding it were so varied that I did not mention it to you yesterday, preferring to wait until I could give you the facts as correctly as possible. Mr. George Chisholm, of Calcutta, who is up here this season, invited his friends of the Uncovenanted Service to a fancy ball at the Simla theatre on the night of the 23rd. From 7 to 8 o'clock, p.m. rain fell in such a torrents that one might fancy a river was coming down from the heavens. The weather having cleared, however, after 8, guests to the number of about 80 of both sexes arrived, and the amusements of the evening commenced and went on gaily until about 1 a.m., when it was interrupted in a fearful manner. A sumptuous supper was laid out on the stage, whither nearly all the guests had repaired at this time. All were engaged; some in busily discussing the tempting things before them, others in attending to the softer sex, and others in promenading and talking lightly and gaily, quite inapprehensive of the danger that was at hand,—while a troop of happy little boys, dressed as khidmutgars ran to and fro with trays of sweetmeat and fruit and bottles of wine, fulfilling the duties of the characters they had assumed.

In the midst of this gaiety and thoughtlessness, this enjoyment of the present, one of the drop scenes was observed to fall half way down and vibrate, all eyes turned towards it, but it was generally believed to have been done by some wag, in order to startle the party. Apprehensions were thus quieted, and those were laughed at whose fears appeared to be awakened to the actual cause; matters went on as before, when one of the side slips shook as if something had fallen upon it; this was explained away by the supposition of one of the guests who had taken more wine than he could bear having staggered against it. Shortly after a second curtain dropped half way; parties ran about in search of the supposed wag, when down came a third curtain, the walls were observed to totter and the roof to shake. Now commenced a scene of appalling confusion and tumult, a struggle for precedence in the rush made towards the dancing-room or body of the theatre, a recklessness of the life of others though dear, and an exemplification of the priority of that law of nature 'self-preservation.' By the interposition of a Divine Providence the stage was cleared of all, men, women, and children, of the latter of whom several were sleeping in the green-room, before the roof tumbled in, when all were brought to a stand by the crash, but in another moment there was another scene like that just described, one door only was open, and of that one panel was jammed so that it could not be pushed back. The danger, however, was past, as the remaining portion of the roof and walls were staunch; but who could at such a time coolly examine the building? or who would believe the seeming madman who would pronounce the danger passed and recommend a quiet departure? It was a scene of, 'every man for himself'—a husband would rush out of the house, but not until he felt assured of his safety would he cry out 'My wife! my wife!' Then would he make a desperate attempt to break through the wall of human beings before him to effect a re-entrance into the house in search of his distracted wife, who, perhaps, was similarly endeavouring to return, shrieking the while 'My husband! my child!' I can scarcely believe I am writing the truth when I say that, with the exception of one khidmutgar, who was crushed to death under the stage while in the act of pouring out hot coffee, no accidents occurred. The band had, most fortunately, left the orchestra to take some refreshment a little before the accident occurred, or not a man of them would have been saved—their instruments are, however, all gone. The roof over the proscenium, the orchestra, and part of the second box have fallen in. I will make no remarks about the Providence which saved so many lives—such will suggest themselves to every one who reads this feeble description of the awful accident. Some say that the roof was weakened by the removal of some posts, for the purpose of enlarging the scene; others, who know the building, say that some of the beams were bent almost to breaking last season. But it is clear that the catastrophe is to be traced to the sinking of a well on the valley-side of the building; when that sunk and shook the whole stage fell in. The building was altogether badly built and frail. It was built for sale, not for durability. The chowkedar in charge of the building says that he observed in the evening that the wall had sunk, and gave notice of the occurrence to the wife of the person in charge of the building, but that no examination of it was made. I cannot, however, believe the story, for the person alluded to was at the ball with his wife, where they would never have been unless insane, after being apprised of the danger; for no man in his senses would enter a house at Simla, a wall of which he had been informed sunk, particularly in the rainy season. I almost forgot to say, that Sir Henry Elliott, Major Ramsay, Military Secretary, and Captain Bowie, Aid-de-Camp to the Governor-General, were at the ball, and that the former had a very narrow escape, as he was among those who were on the stage."—*Eastern Star*, Aug. 2.

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Certain musical instruments, which have been exhibited for some time in London, have been brought to our Free Trade Hall, where they nightly excite as much attention as they did in the metropolis. They are the invention of an artist from Dresden, Herr Kaufmann, now a venerable old man, and his son, who both, with Fraulein Kaufmann, attend to display the wonders and perfection of the mechanism. The orchestration, an elegant looking piece of work as it is put on the stage, comprehends the wind instruments for an orchestra—flutes,

flageolets, clarionets, bugles, trumpets and bassoons, together with the roll of drums and clash of cymbals, and when playing by itself, might be taken for a perfect specimen of one of those street barrel organs which have so much aroused the ire of Col. Sibthorp. But in the one case a man is the motive power, in the other clock work; and in the nice adaptation of this clock work consists the novelty of this individual instrument. Complicated and difficult pieces, requiring fine variations of light and shade for their proper performance,—the grand coronation march from the *Prophete*, and the wedding march from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance—are performed with the utmost accuracy, and with a delicacy in the softer passages which is scarcely equalled by the forte passages, wherein the trumpet, horns, and trombones mainly create the harmony. Next are the chordaulodion, and the symphonion, similar instruments, the first imitating a piano and flute, the other a piano, flute, piccolos, clarionets, cymbal and drum. The next is the automaton trumpeter, a figure dressed in the costume of the middle ages, which executes pieces from his difficult instrument with vigour, clearness, and precision. All these are self-acting, playing as many tunes as barrels are provided for them. There is another instrument, not self-acting, on which Herr Kaufmann and his daughter perform; this is the harmonicon, an instrument which has a very narrow finger-board, and a back like an inverted grand piano. It is of the *orgue expressif* kind of instruments, but greatly superior to them. The great feature of all the instruments is less the beauty of tones produced by the pipes used than of the perfection of the mechanism employed. Touch the releasing springs of the orchestrion, the chordaulodion, and the symphonion at the same time, for a concerted piece, and that which is to begin instantly commences, though not a sound is heard from the other two, but precisely as the last note introductory to the others, reaches the ear, it is followed with amazing precision by them, making it clear that all the cylinders have been constructed with mathematical exactitude, for the instruments, it must be distinctly understood, have not any connection with one another. They alternately play and are silent, now one taking up a solo, and then another with it lending to full orchestral effects, in a manner which the intelligence and training of living performers often fails to attain. In the symphonion there is a very clever production of the wonders of double tonguing on the flute, which our best artists have not excelled. The automaton trumpeter takes his share with the utmost promptitude, giving the calls and accompaniments clearly, and at the exact point in the composition. He produced double notes from the same instrument, and has, in this respect, been likened to Vivier, but though we are willing to acknowledge that there are enormous acoustical difficulties overcome in the automaton, we cannot go quite so far in our admiration and praise. The harmonichord is the only one of these instruments which is likely to be of use to the public, the others are merely astonishing instances of that success which so frequently attends upon philosophical acquirements, mechanical skill, and patient industry, for Herr Kaufmann and his son, had to bring all those to bear in their work. The tones of the harmonichord are produced by friction of a cylinder worked by the feet of the performer, and one peculiarity is that every shade of piano and forte can be produced by corresponding degrees of pressure upon the keys. Not equal in power to an organ it still has a sufficient volume of tone to make it available for small churches, or for chamber music, especially that in slow time, and requiring phrases to be emphatic. There is a slight metallic burr heard when the bass notes are played on, but with that exception the instrument seems to be perfect throughout, and the dulcet character of its upper notes strikingly rich. The effects of forte and piano are produced with ease, and in the latter there is a softness of note which sinks into the almost inaudible whisperings of the Æolian harp. Very large audiences have visited the Free Trade Hall every night, and more will be bound to attend.—*Manchester Courier*.

TUNING OF PIANOS.—All who have paid any attention to the phenomena of strained steel wires know that there is a tendency in a wire which has long been strained to a certain pitch to remain at that pitch, and even to return to it, or towards it, if suddenly altered. Thus if you tune a wire sharper than it should be—say

a quarter of a note, by way of experiment, and keep up to that pitch for a fortnight, and then let it suddenly down the quarter of a note, it will again grow sharper in the course of twenty-four hours, as though striving to regain its lost note. Now here is a hint for the treatment of pianos, and one which may be followed with advantage. It appears plain enough, from the principle here suggested, that if a piano were well and regularly tuned for the first year or two—say every month, or oftener, for the first year and a half—it would require a tendency to remain in tune, and behave better in that respect ever afterwards than if no such care were taken. Of course this treatment would not prevent an instrument from being affected by sudden variations of temperature, though it would in a considerable degree modify the effects of such variations. Among professional tuners of pianofortes, the man who gets through his work correctly in the shortest time, is generally to be preferred. An instrument which is long under the operation of tuning is not the likeliest to remain long in tune. The best tuners tune "hard," as it is technically called—that is, with a smart stroke upon every key, and drawing the wire at once up to the required pitch, making little alteration afterwards. It would be well if Lord Stanhope's principle of tuning were generally followed, by which the "wolf" is equally distributed throughout the scale. The result is extremely agreeable and pleasant to the ear, though the effect of some music is very much altered by it—the distinguishing characteristics of the several sharp and flat keys being thereby in a great measure done away.—*Manchester Courier*.

SCENE IN A THEATRE.—A most ludicrous scene took place at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday night. The play was "Venice Preserved," and in the touching scene between *Jaffier* and *Pierre*, in which the former implores the latter to ask his life, a very respectable Irishman, on one of the front seats of the pit, hearing *Pierre* say he "must die," rushed over the back seats, shouting out, "I'll go fetch a priest, I'll go fetch a priest—wait while I get a priest." We need not add that the house was in convulsions, and the play stopped for a time.—*Liverpool Mail*.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEBUT.—Balfé's voice had formed into a barytone. Being much encouraged by his friends, he was induced to apply himself to its cultivation, and studied very attentively for a year, at the expiration of which (1825) he gave up his position in the orchestra of Drury-lane, with the intention of going on the stage. The manager of the Norwich theatre, a Mr. Crooke, having come up to town to make engagements, heard him sing, and was so pleased that he at once offered him a *debut* in the part of *Caspar* in "Der Freischütz." The eventful night arrived, but got such an attack of "stage fright" that the manager deemed it expedient to send for a bottle of champagne to get "the steam up;" and having given the debutant a couple of glasses of wine at the wing, he forced him on the stage. The first scene was got through tolerably well; but by the time the "incantation" scene was set, previous to which Balfé had been supplied with a little more champagne, he began to feel certain queer symptoms about the head, which were quickly communicated to his feet, so much so that in walking down the stage he overturned the iron pot which contained the combustibles for red and blue fire. In a moment the whole place was in a blaze. The horrible smell overpowering poor *Caspar*, he fainted; the ladies in the boxes screamed with terror; the alarm of fire was given, and Balfé lay insensible in the midst of sulphurous smoke and magic bullets. The curtain dropped, and he was taken off to the green-room more dead than alive. Crooke rushing out into the street, made a most pathetic appeal to the audience, who were leaving the house, and succeeded to get a few people to come back, on the assurance that the fire was completely extinguished, and that he would read the part. The next morning's papers announced that a young gentleman, named Balfé, had made a *most brilliant debut* in the part of *Caspar*; and having commented very severely on the performance, prophesied that he would never do any good either as an actor or singer. How far the prophecy has been fulfilled will be found in the fact of his having visited Norwich some years afterwards with a lucrative engagement for the festivals; and more recently in the same city as conductor of her Majesty's Theatre, when he accompanied Jenny Lind on a provincial tour. After this "blaze of triumph," as Bunn would call

it, Balfé returned to London, mortified and disappointed.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MADAME CATALANI.—No musical performer ever had a higher idea of her talents than Madame Catalani, and she was apt to express it with amusing *naïveté*. When she visited Hamburg for the first time, M. Schevenke, the chief musician of that city, criticised her vocal performances with great severity. Madame, on being told of his dissent from the general opinion, broke out into a great passion, calling him among other things, an *impious* man. "Sir," added she, "when God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle, and it is profane to depreciate the gifts of heaven."

ANECDOTE OF BALFÉ'S EARLY LIFE.—The facility which he possessed, even at this early period of his career, of scoring musical ideas with rapidity, became well known to those with whom his professional duties brought him in contact. This talent was taken advantage of by a foreigner, who had just at that time arrived in London, and was beginning to acquire a sort of reputation for the possession of a tolerable voice and good ear, upon which stock in trade, coupled with unlimited assurance, he set up as a composer. Being, however, very ignorant of the theory of music, it became necessary, in order to carry out his views practically, to get some hard-working drudge to do what he used to call the mere mechanical part of the profession; accordingly, Balfé, of whose acquirements he had heard so much, was singled out for the purpose, his acquaintance cultivated, and in him he found just the person he wanted. Invitation followed invitation to sundry breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, which were no more liberally bestowed than heartily partaken of, and in return for this munificent hospitality, melodies and accompaniments for songs were written, which this distinguished foreigner sold, of course, as his own, and thereby acquired considerable reputation. But the crowning part of the imposture has yet to be told. The management of one of the theatres sent for him and requested his services to score an old opera from the pianoforte arrangement, stipulating, however, that the work should be done in one week. Here was a bold undertaking; but he was not a man to shrink from a difficulty, and so off he went to Balfé. "Now, you young rascal," said he, "if you can manage to score this opera, work night and day, and finish it in one week, you shall have ten pounds." "Ten pounds! a fortune! Make your mind easy, it shall be done." And so it was, for within six days he handed the score to his conscientious employer, who paid him the promised remuneration. "Hurrah, then, for a lark!" said Balfé; and calling on a chum of his, "My dear fellow," cried he, "I have earned a lot of money last week, so you must come along with me, and I'll frank you to Gravesend and back." The invitation was gladly accepted, and the next morning found them both in a steamer on their way down the river. Arrived at Gravesend, they did not much fancy the look of the place, so having made some enquiries about Rochester, they hired a pair of Rosinantes, and had a delightful ride to that town, where they put up at the best hotel. "What would you like for dinner, gentlemen?" "Everything you can give us," said the happy pair, who sat down to a splendid spread, attended by three or four servants. Balfé dubbed his friend Sir George, who called him Lord William in return; and the waiters, taking the hint, *Sir George* and *Lord William* them to their hearts' content. At last the two noblemen, what with sherry, champagne, and claret, became so very drunk, that it was deemed desirable to remove them to their respective chambers, a measure which was very carefully undertaken by the servants, under the immediate superintendence of "mine host." Balfé was the first to wake next morning, and, sitting up in his bed, began to rub his eyes, and "cudgel his brains" to find out exactly where he was, when the waiter entered the room with a message from Sir George to his lordship, to know when he would be pleased to take breakfast, and when he intended to start for London? These questions brought him at once to sober recollection, and keeping up the joke about the nobility, Lord William and Sir George breakfasted like princes, and shortly afterwards started on the road back to Gravesend, with the blessings of the landlord and his obsequious servants. A financial investigation took place shortly after their arrival in London, when it was very clearly ascertained, that of the ten pounds there remained but one, which soon followed in the same path as the other nine.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

ROSSINI.—When Rossini visited this country, I was introduced to him by Spagnoletti. He was a fine, portly, good-looking fellow, a voluptuary that revelled in the delights of the table as much as in the luxury of sweet sounds. He had just composed a dirge on the death of Lord Byron, the score of which he exhibited to me, obviously penned with great rapidity. I heard part of it performed, and thought it worthy of that great genius. I am not aware that this work has been printed. He sang the principal airs himself in a graceful manner and with a rich liquidity of tone; the easy movement of his voice delighted me; his throat seemed lacquered with Florence oil, so ripe and luscious were the tones he threw out. He was a perfect master of the pianoforte, and his mode of touching that instrument was beautifully neat and expressive. Garcia had brought his daughter, Malibran, then only fourteen, for the *maestro* to hear her sing; he accompanied her in a cavatina. When he sat down he had his walking-stick in his hand, for he was a great beau; and he contrived to hold it while he was playing; but his wife, seeing the inconvience, drew it away. He was the most joyous, good-natured, well-fed fellow I ever saw; and I have no doubt, when at Carlton House, he broke through all ceremony, and was as much at ease with his majesty as represented. In his operatic pieces his style is as gay as himself; light and cheering, glowing with the brightest colours—a path so flowery that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having none of the dark shades of Beethoven, we are lured among the gayest flowers of fancy. His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world.—*Music and Friends, by Mr. Gardiner.*

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN.—The St. James's Theatre is crowded every night, the attractions being the performances of Miss Kate and Miss Ellen Bateman. These young children are real prodigies in the strictest sense of the word. The youngest, Ellen, is, perhaps, the wonder of the age, and we are certain no one will differ from us who has once seen her. Her talent is quite inconceivable. We are glad to find that the children have ceased playing in Shakespeare's plays, which made their talent appear in a false light, and threw their efforts into disrepute. Their performances during the past week have been confined to comedy and burlesque. A visit to the St. James's Theatre will not disappoint the highest expectation raised of Miss Ellen and Miss Kate Bateman.

MEYERBEER.—We are happy to inform our readers that the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*, the *Prophete*, *Robert le Diable*, *L'Africain*, the *Camp of Silesia*, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, *The Two Caliphs*, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, *Emma di Resburgo*, an oratorio which Weber admired, the new comic opera for Madame Sontag, and others *chefs-d'œuvre*, has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and will shortly leave Boulogne for Spa in Belgium. Meyerbeer has been recently nominated member of the senate of the Academy of Berlin, which senate is the directing committee of the studies of the pupils.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We have heard nothing with regard to the arrangement of Mr. Bunn's ensuing expected campaign at Drury Lane Theatre, except the fact that Mr. Frederick Osborne Williams is engaged by the spirited *impresario* as chorus master. The theatre, it is supposed, will open in January with a pantomime. Signor Schira is named on good authority as the wielder of the baton.

ROGER. the animated French tenor has been singing with great success at Hamburg, the Free Town, and Hombourg, the German spa.

FIDELIO.—Not only at Cologne, but half-a-dozen other towns in Germany, this masterpiece has been revived with invariable success. *Fidelio* had been laid aside because no one could be found to play *Fidelio*, but now that Mr. Lumley, represented by Sophie Cruvelli, has shown the way, *Fidelios* have been springing up like mushrooms.

HERE STIGELLI, the talented tenor of the Royal Italian Opera, has been engaged for a month at Manchester.

BENEDICT has left London for Naples, to join the family of Mrs. Benedict, with whom he remains for a short time.

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